

See Here, Mr. Taft, How Could You Frown on the Ecstatic College Yell?

Look at These Sample Runes with Which Under and Post "Grad" Can Express All the Emotions.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S good natured criticism a few days ago of the "contortions" developed by the yell leader of the University of Minnesota and his reference to the "graceful hurrahs" of other days as more pleasing to the ear and for all practical purposes just as effective as "barbaric" outbursts of the present have aroused much interest among university men not only in New York City, but throughout the country.

The yell master of the University of Minnesota had stood beside the President on the gymnasium platform at St. Paul. He had used the customary ecstatic gestures to get the crowd of students to a pitch of excitement that would assure to the President a distinct recollection of just what the cry of that institution was like. In print it loses much. Pared to the bone, it is as follows:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Sk-u-mah!
Hoorah! Hoorah! Varsity! Varsity!
Minn-so-ta!

The President's comment was offered at the close of this effort by the thousand or more students. They did their utmost to achieve the dream of their cheer leader. He performed after the general method that has brought notoriety to Creators, the handmaster, but introduced several innovations in the causticness of cheering that left him nearly exhausted when his work was done. His face showed, among other things, that his exertions had sent an excess of blood to his brain. He was wilted in the region of the collar, but refused aid. When he took his seat in front of the platform he was breathing hard. A consciousness of having delivered the goods sustained him. The rest of the show might now go on.

President Taft arose, and the gymnasium was warmed by his all-embracing smile. Then he delivered a heart-to-heart talk to the students of the university. He deprecated the modern custom of college yells, saying that in his day grotesque contortions and barbaric yelling had been deemed unnecessary, and yet he believed as good men were turned out then as now. He smiled again.

"I know I am preaching ideals that are perhaps beyond what I could have felt when I was twenty-one," he continued, "but it does not hurt you sometimes to hear the truth."

President Vincent, at the end of the President's speech, called on the students to show by singing "Minnesota" that they could greet him otherwise than mechanically, and the way they responded shook the timbers.

A YELL WITH DIGNITY.

Ask a Harvard graduate for an opinion and he will agree with the President. "It all depends, you know, on the kind of yell," he will say. "The

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Harvard!"

is dignified. Don't you see? It is full of character. It stands for something. But the intricate affairs of some of the other colleges and universities are positively absurd. Something should be done. The President is quite right."

"The President was out West when he made these few remarks," says the Columbia alumnus. "He has probably been greeted by some exceedingly raw yells on his trip. Some of them out there are harrowing. Take, for instance, the cheer of the University of North Dakota. No diagram goes with it."

"Odz-dzo-did!
Hi-hi-hi!
Hy-ah! Hy-ah!
North Dakota!"

"It is followed by the Sioux war cry, which I do not recall."

"The University of the Pacific would, it seems to me, influence a lesser man than the President of the United States to offer kindly counsel for simplification in the production of hurrah music. Its yell is:

"Room chick boom,
Room chick boom
Room-a-jig-a-jig-a-jig-a-boom
Rah! Rah! sis-boom-ah!
Pacific! Pacific! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

"Of course," continued the Columbia man, "I don't mean to say the evils that have crept into college yells are to be found only in one section of the country. Personally, I think the Western Reserve University has a cheer that is distorted, as you might say, although the preponderance of Greek roots that it contains at least indicates academic origin."

"O Skellot! pompat!
Poo too pompat! At Al!
Rah! Rah! Reserve!"

"And the yell of Washington and Lee University borders on the ludicrous if you take just the first two lines of it. The whole of it goes like this:

"Chick-a-go-runk!
Go-runk! Go-runk!
Helch ho! Hi ho!
Washington Lee! Washington and Lee!
Tiger!"

"Columbia's cheer, as of course you know, is free from any of these bizarre features. It is very effective. It goes:

"C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a
Ra Ra Ra
C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a
Columbia! Columbia! Columbia!"

AN INDISPENSABLE YELL.

"What," asks a Yale man, "would a Yale-Princeton football game be like without the college yell?" He then repeated the Yale cry, which sounded something like this:

Brek-ek-ek-kex, koax, koax,
Brek-ek-ek-kex, koax, koax,
O-op, O-op,
Parabellum!

Yale, Yale, Yale,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Yale!"

The number of times "rah" and "Yale" were repeated depended, he said, on the instructions received from the cheer leader.

"It sounds fine from ten thousand Yale men crazy with joy," he exclaimed. "It leads the team to victory. It crowns the achievement with a noise like the crack of doom. It is taken from 'The Frogs' of Aristophanes. It's a classic. I don't like those 'wa ho, hulla-balloo,' idiotic yells any more than the President—hope they put a stop to them."

A Williams alumnus said: "The present tendency is toward involved articulation. The convolutions of the strong young fellows who, as yell leaders, strike the air with violent blows and tear the atmosphere to shreds, uttering harsh cries the while, are also a comparatively recent development. The whole tendency is toward exaggeration. Just as the President set forth: 'If these things are not checked, where will the "whack-quack" fends carry us?"

It was to this line of inquiry apparently that the President wished to direct the thoughts of the persons most interested in the subject. There are several sides of the question. The smaller the school of learning the bigger the yell. Hillsdale College boys express themselves in moments of excitement as follows:

Rah-hoo-rah
Zip-boom-lah

Hip-zoo-rhu-zoo
Wah-hoo-wha-Hillsdale!

Miami University, out in Ohio, does not believe in waiting until the cry is over before mentioning the name of the institution. Its yell begins with its name and by its name is sprinkled—rather, throughout its length and breadth. No one could mistake it as applying to any other school.

Miami, Yip Yip!
Miami U Ro
Miami, Miami, Ho Hang Ho,
Miami, Eureka, Sis Boom, Rah,
Miami Varsity Rah! Rah! Rah!

A Cornell man said the other day that he had made quite a study of the subject of college cheering, he said. He mentioned the case of Mount Union, which he

described as weird, and to which he said he had never felt drawn.

Alkezeion, Alkezeion!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for Old Mount Union!
Karo, Kero, Kiro, Kee!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for M. U. C!

He said it was a fortunate circumstance that the name Cornell thus lent itself to the expression of high geared emotion through its ability to rhyme with "Yell." But he added that the yell of the University of California was, to his way of thinking, something else again.

Oski! Wow! Wow!
Ulskee! Wee, Wee!
Oloo-mucky-ee!
Oloo-Berkeley-ett!
Call-for-nial! Wow!

He had made quite a study of the subject of college cheering, he said. He mentioned the case of Mount Union, which he



COLLEGE CHEER MASTER EMPLOYING THE ARTS OF HIS PROFESSION TO BRING OUT AS MUCH PRECISION AND VOLUME OF NOISE AS POSSIBLE FROM HIS YELLING MATES. PRESIDENT TAFT GOOD. HUMOROUSLY DUBBED HIS "CLASSY" MOVEMENTS CONTORTIONS.

The Cornell yell was sensible; constructed along lines properly to give vent to the feelings of a crowd of students and alumni when they were in a state of exaltation.

described as weird, and to which he said he had never felt drawn.

Alkezeion, Alkezeion!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for Old Mount Union!
Karo, Kero, Kiro, Kee!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for M. U. C!

He said it was a fortunate circumstance that the name Cornell thus lent itself to the expression of high geared emotion through its ability to rhyme with "Yell." But he added that the yell of the University of California was, to his way of thinking, something else again.

Oski! Wow! Wow!
Ulskee! Wee, Wee!
Oloo-mucky-ee!
Oloo-Berkeley-ett!
Call-for-nial! Wow!

He had made quite a study of the subject of college cheering, he said. He mentioned the case of Mount Union, which he

described as weird, and to which he said he had never felt drawn.

Alkezeion, Alkezeion!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for Old Mount Union!
Karo, Kero, Kiro, Kee!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for M. U. C!

He said it was a fortunate circumstance that the name Cornell thus lent itself to the expression of high geared emotion through its ability to rhyme with "Yell." But he added that the yell of the University of California was, to his way of thinking, something else again.

Oski! Wow! Wow!
Ulskee! Wee, Wee!
Oloo-mucky-ee!
Oloo-Berkeley-ett!
Call-for-nial! Wow!

He had made quite a study of the subject of college cheering, he said. He mentioned the case of Mount Union, which he

described as weird, and to which he said he had never felt drawn.

Alkezeion, Alkezeion!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for Old Mount Union!
Karo, Kero, Kiro, Kee!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for M. U. C!

He said it was a fortunate circumstance that the name Cornell thus lent itself to the expression of high geared emotion through its ability to rhyme with "Yell." But he added that the yell of the University of California was, to his way of thinking, something else again.

Oski! Wow! Wow!
Ulskee! Wee, Wee!
Oloo-mucky-ee!
Oloo-Berkeley-ett!
Call-for-nial! Wow!

He had made quite a study of the subject of college cheering, he said. He mentioned the case of Mount Union, which he

described as weird, and to which he said he had never felt drawn.

Alkezeion, Alkezeion!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for Old Mount Union!
Karo, Kero, Kiro, Kee!
Rah, Rah, Rah, for M. U. C!



Perhaps Some of the Small Freshwater Institutions' Cries Suggest Lunacy, but What of That?

riched if there be two or more leaders operating together. One plan, or, as sometimes happens, twelve or fifteen, all masters executing certain gyrations, the success of which depends on the unopposed harmonies of all the college men present.

It is not to be wondered at, then, perhaps, if the posturing leader of the yell sometimes, in a moment of extreme emotion, sinks into the acrobatic comique. Now one foot remains motionless, while the hands of the yell master are employed above his head. Now he jumps with both feet together, clapping his hands, every muscle apparently quivering at every movement, and making a point of bringing his long hair down in front of his face.

CHEER LEADING NOT FATAL.

So far as is known, no yell master has died from the exertions consequent on the discharge of his duty as he sees it. They frequently are the worse for wear—dabbered, and all that sort of thing. The ceremony concludes frequently by men grasping each other and dashing on to the field. There follows general feasting by the adherents of the winning side. But eating is usually postponed until after the snake dance, which is a most curious sight.

Dr. William Kelly Simpson, of No. 52 Lexington avenue, originated the Cornell cheer. It was in 1875, he said at his home the other day, and the occasion was the first victory of the Cornell crew, at Saratoga. Dr. Simpson said the yell was originated practically on the spur of the moment, while the boys were struggling with their pent-up feelings after the victory, on their way to Saratoga from the lake.

Dr. Simpson modestly disclaimed that any great amount of credit should be given him for evolving, at such a vivid moment, the yell that has acted as an outlet to thousands of his successors at Cornell during the thirty-six years that have since elapsed.

"You see," said the doctor, "we were nearly wild with delight on that day in '75. We had no college yell. We were under the necessity of choosing quickly some form of verbal protest that would care for a few of our ebullient emotions. I have always contended that Cornell, as a word, was in itself chiefly responsible for our success in producing the yell that afternoon. 'Yell' was a word that fitted right in, you see. Then there was another word—that perhaps you can guess—which some of the boys used under the excitement of the moment. They misnamed it was descriptive. It was, but we exaggerated it, fortunately."

"I think the President was a little severe on those students in St. Paul," continued Dr. Simpson. "Or, put it another way; perhaps the students were a little hard on the President. Some of the yells employed by colleges to-day have weakened very much the oldtime significance and force of the thing. Every preparatory school, every girls' school, every one-house college, every summer camp, has its yell. It is becoming ludicrous."

COLLEGE YELLS HERE TO STAY.

"But the college yell is here to stay. No question about that. Even dead and dumb schools have them. The students wave their arms at such places and make their fingers shiver and shake with all the joy of heart and soul that more fortunate youths make known when they give the long 'lo-om-dee,' 'the siren' and all the other so-called improvements over the more dignified cheers of thirty years ago."

The cheer leaders have standardized the outbursts of enthusiasm. They are now done in a scientific fashion. But the President certainly is justified when he criticizes the intricate yells given by the small colleges. They don't convey anything. They only make people laugh. Which, when you come to think of it, is not perhaps an evil mission."

Practice Has Shown Signs of Waning at Old Nassau Recently, but Has Many Supporters.

rules, and nothing is more irritating to a Princeton man than to have horsing confused with hazing. No sophomore at Princeton is permitted to touch a freshman under any circumstances, or to submit him in any way to physical or nervous harm. No horsing is allowed in the rooms of an undergraduate, nor can a freshman be taken from his room by a sophomore.

Horsing, however, is only one of the many customs and traditions that go to make the life at Princeton so unique and picturesque. Secluded in a little New Jersey village, the students form a little world of their own, unhampered and undisturbed by what goes on around them.

Nassau street, although the main thoroughfare of the town, is regarded by the students as sacred to Princeton. "Prade," and only Princeton processions are allowed to march on the street, with the exception of the state militia or some other company with government rights. It is this tradition which caused a small riot several years ago, when the undergraduates broke up the circus parade of Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show, which had attempted to advance down Nassau street.

First and foremost among the Princeton customs is, of course, the honor system, introduced and enforced by the students themselves, by which they are put on their honor not to cheat in examinations, and to tell if they see any one else cheating. In case some one is found using dishonest means in an examination he is reported to the honor committee, composed of the presidents of the four classes and two upper class men, chosen at large. If this committee finds the man guilty of dishonest dealings he is recommended to the faculty for expulsion. All such cases are kept secret, but there have been some where a man has been forced to leave the university because of his failure to keep the honor system. Such cases are few and far between, however, and the faculty and undergraduates alike are unanimous in their approval of the plan which really works, cheating in an examination being as far from the average student's mind as getting through without "cribbing" used to be with many before coming to Old Nassau.

It is practically the only large institution of learning in America where the system has proved a pronounced success.

There are innumerable other features about the life at Princeton that, although slight in themselves, go to make up a sacred bond of union and enthusiasm for their alma mater among the alumni and which brings back hundreds of old "grads" each commencement for the class reunions.

Commencement time for the Princeton seniors is packed with ceremonies and celebrations having their origin back in the days when the scars of the Revolutionary War were still fresh upon the little college of New Jersey. There is senior singing, the old ceremony in the evening of commencement day, and the bonfire of all the old wooden benches used on the front campus by each outgoing class during its senior year.

The freshman at Princeton starts at the bottom, must realize his position, wear a freshman cap, not turn up his trousers and keep off the grass, but, what he is made to feel that he is a Princeton man, and he has the opportunity of making his own bed on which to lie during his college course.

A FRESHMAN PILLORIED IN "THE SACRED NICHE."

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

Perhaps Some of the Small Freshwater Institutions' Cries Suggest Lunacy, but What of That?

riched if there be two or more leaders operating together. One plan, or, as sometimes happens, twelve or fifteen, all masters executing certain gyrations, the success of which depends on the unopposed harmonies of all the college men present.

It is not to be wondered at, then, perhaps, if the posturing leader of the yell sometimes, in a moment of extreme emotion, sinks into the acrobatic comique. Now one foot remains motionless, while the hands of the yell master are employed above his head. Now he jumps with both feet together, clapping his hands, every muscle apparently quivering at every movement, and making a point of bringing his long hair down in front of his face.

CHEER LEADING NOT FATAL.

So far as is known, no yell master has died from the exertions consequent on the discharge of his duty as he sees it. They frequently are the worse for wear—dabbered, and all that sort of thing. The ceremony concludes frequently by men grasping each other and dashing on to the field. There follows general feasting by the adherents of the winning side. But eating is usually postponed until after the snake dance, which is a most curious sight.

Dr. William Kelly Simpson, of No. 52 Lexington avenue, originated the Cornell cheer. It was in 1875, he said at his home the other day, and the occasion was the first victory of the Cornell crew, at Saratoga. Dr. Simpson said the yell was originated practically on the spur of the moment, while the boys were struggling with their pent-up feelings after the victory, on their way to Saratoga from the lake.

Dr. Simpson modestly disclaimed that any great amount of credit should be given him for evolving, at such a vivid moment, the yell that has acted as an outlet to thousands of his successors at Cornell during the thirty-six years that have since elapsed.

"You see," said the doctor, "we were nearly wild with delight on that day in '75. We had no college yell. We were under the necessity of choosing quickly some form of verbal protest that would care for a few of our ebullient emotions. I have always contended that Cornell, as a word, was in itself chiefly responsible for our success in producing the yell that afternoon. 'Yell' was a word that fitted right in, you see. Then there was another word—that perhaps you can guess—which some of the boys used under the excitement of the moment. They misnamed it was descriptive. It was, but we exaggerated it, fortunately."

"I think the President was a little severe on those students in St. Paul," continued Dr. Simpson. "Or, put it another way; perhaps the students were a little hard on the President. Some of the yells employed by colleges to-day have weakened very much the oldtime significance and force of the thing. Every preparatory school, every girls' school, every one-house college, every summer camp, has its yell. It is becoming ludicrous."

COLLEGE YELLS HERE TO STAY.

"But the college yell is here to stay. No question about that. Even dead and dumb schools have them. The students wave their arms at such places and make their fingers shiver and shake with all the joy of heart and soul that more fortunate youths make known when they give the long 'lo-om-dee,' 'the siren' and all the other so-called improvements over the more dignified cheers of thirty years ago."

The cheer leaders have standardized the outbursts of enthusiasm. They are now done in a scientific fashion. But the President certainly is justified when he criticizes the intricate yells given by the small colleges. They don't convey anything. They only make people laugh. Which, when you come to think of it, is not perhaps an evil mission."

Practice Has Shown Signs of Waning at Old Nassau Recently, but Has Many Supporters.

rules, and nothing is more irritating to a Princeton man than to have horsing confused with hazing. No sophomore at Princeton is permitted to touch a freshman under any circumstances, or to submit him in any way to physical or nervous harm. No horsing is allowed in the rooms of an undergraduate, nor can a freshman be taken from his room by a sophomore.

Horsing, however, is only one of the many customs and traditions that go to make the life at Princeton so unique and picturesque. Secluded in a little New Jersey village, the students form a little world of their own, unhampered and undisturbed by what goes on around them.

Nassau street, although the main thoroughfare of the town, is regarded by the students as sacred to Princeton. "Prade," and only Princeton processions are allowed to march on the street, with the exception of the state militia or some other company with government rights. It is this tradition which caused a small riot several years ago, when the undergraduates broke up the circus parade of Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show, which had attempted to advance down Nassau street.

First and foremost among the Princeton customs is, of course, the honor system, introduced and enforced by the students themselves, by which they are put on their honor not to cheat in examinations, and to tell if they see any one else cheating. In case some one is found using dishonest means in an examination he is reported to the honor committee, composed of the presidents of the four classes and two upper class men, chosen at large. If this committee finds the man guilty of dishonest dealings he is recommended to the faculty for expulsion. All such cases are kept secret, but there have been some where a man has been forced to leave the university because of his failure to keep the honor system. Such cases are few and far between, however, and the faculty and undergraduates alike are unanimous in their approval of the plan which really works, cheating in an examination being as far from the average student's mind as getting through without "cribbing" used to be with many before coming to Old Nassau.

It is practically the only large institution of learning in America where the system has proved a pronounced success.

There are innumerable other features about the life at Princeton that, although slight in themselves, go to make up a sacred bond of union and enthusiasm for their alma mater among the alumni and which brings back hundreds of old "grads" each commencement for the class reunions.

Commencement time for the Princeton seniors is packed with ceremonies and celebrations having their origin back in the days when the scars of the Revolutionary War were still fresh upon the little college of New Jersey. There is senior singing, the old ceremony in the evening of commencement day, and the bonfire of all the old wooden benches used on the front campus by each outgoing class during its senior year.

The freshman at Princeton starts at the bottom, must realize his position, wear a freshman cap, not turn up his trousers and keep off the grass, but, what he is made to feel that he is a Princeton man, and he has the opportunity of making his own bed on which to lie during his college course.

A FRESHMAN PILLORIED IN "THE SACRED NICHE."

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.

PRINCETON FRESHMEN PUSHING PENNIES DOWN FLIGHT OF STEPS WITH THEIR NOSES.